Mr. Thorne Testifies.

The Well-Known Feed and Produc Dealer, at 201 W. Main Street, Adds His Testimony.

Mr. James Thorne, as readers of this in Owesso know, is a feed and produce dealer at 201 W. Main St. His endorsement will sat-

isfy many a skeptic. This is what he says:
"I have been troubled periodically with lame back. It would be most severe in spells that would last in all their severity for a good long time. It was the old pain lor a good long time. It was the old pain, located right through the lower part of the back in the region of the kidneys. I have used many—so-called—remedies, but I suffered just the same without knowing much about relief until I got at the drug store of Johnson & Henderson a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I had been told were good for backache. They beat anything I ever used, acting quickly and helping me right along. They regulated and corrected the action of the kidneys, thereby removing the pain and soreness from my back. I do not hostitate to fully endorse Doan's Kidney Pills. They have proved in my case to be a good

Nature has provided a certain amount of work for every organ of the human body; overtax them and disease eventually follows There is not one portion of our organism that is so overworked as the kidneys; on them is placed the important function of filtering the blood of the impurities which naturally form in the regular action of life and direction. The kidneys are consequently termed the sewerace of the system; clog up this sever, and the blood becomes tainted with poisonous uric acid, which brines on disease in many forms. The back is the first to show this stoppage. From there comes the warning note; it should be heeded, and the kidneys receive prompt attention. Donn's Kidney Pills will right the action of the kidneys quickly, relieve the lack of pains and aches and cure all troubles of the kid-neys and bladder.

Don's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milborn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

Announcements for School Year 1896-7

Teachers should carefully note the concents of this circular and preserve at for future use.

BATES OF EXAMINATIONS

Regular, orunns, August 20th and 21st, 1896, Special, Owesso, October 15th and 16th, 1896, Resular Corunns, March 25th and 26th, 1897, Special Owesso, June 17th and 17th, 1897, All examinations will begin at 8:30 a.m., standard time

Applicants for third grades will write upon reography theory and art and school law the first haif day; grammar, physiology and reading the second anif day; arithmetic, permanship and history the third half day and civil government and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first and second grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school hav the first half day; grammar, physiology, algebra and reading the second half day; arithmetic, history and penmanship the third half day, and civil government, physics and ortography the fourth half day. Applicants for first grades will write upon geometry, general history and betany on Saaurday.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

For third grades an average of seventy is required, with not less than sixty-five in any branch; for second grade an average of seventy-five is required, with not less than seventy in any branch; for first grade an agerage of eighty-five is required with not less than eighty in any branch.

icants shall use legal cap paper and Applicants shall use legal cap paper and rrite with pen and ink.

Applicants for first and second grades who was in part of the branches may re-write at the lext examination in the remainder. After failing in two consecutive examinations they must e-write in all branches.

Applicants for third trades who fail in part of the branches must re-rite in all branches.

CAUTION: Special certificates will be granted only when legally qualified teachers cannot be secured Persons who wish to teach must stend an examination.

O. L. Burston, Commissioner.

obsecured Persons who wish to teach method an examination.

O. L. Buistol, Commissioner.

J. N. Cody, Examiner.

J. A. Thompson, Examiner.

Corunna, Aug. 7, 1896.

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Office, 211 N. Washington St. OVER PARKILL & SON'S DRUG STORE.

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CHAPTER IV.

When Mrs. Topmark had been dead six weeks, Walnut Creek was discussing her burying with an interest but the more lively that it was so decorously subdued. Such a magnificent coffin as she had! And a minister from town to preach the funeral sermon, instead of old Brother Macpounder, who, for all his religion, did unquestionably lack polish. Then, too, the widower's grief had been so notable, his tears had fallen like hail, and Mrs. Winfold, sobbing upon Mrs. Talbot's shoulder, had begged those about not to let him fling himself into the grave with poor, dear Louisa. Afterward she had shaken her head, sighing out that nobody knew in the least what might not happen, "If it wasn't for them pore little orphans of his, I really don't believe brother'd care ter live another day."

Widowers have been, time out of mind, kittle cattle. Beyond question Mr. Topmark mourned his wife. Why, throughout the six weeks he went to church every Sunday and sat inside with bowed hend, listening to the sermon. Still some of the more irreverent noted a sober smartening of his garb,

not to mention wandering and furtive glances about the assembly. But even they were wholly unready for that which came to pass. Teddy Barton told it to a group of lounging customers upon the store porch just as Jack Talbot came there in bot haste. The store kept everything from tarlatan and candy to plow points and pitchforks, with especial strength in plantation hardware. Jack wanted a keg of nails; hence had come in his buggy and had Timothy and Clover, his snan of blood sorrels, in

VAN R. POND, Attorney & Counsellor,

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DR. C. MCCORMICK

PHYSICIAM, SURGEON, ETG. Secolal attention given to the treatment of disease by means of Electicity. Rheun attem Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica and a number or nervous diseases resultly yield to this form of

Office and Residence No. 220 East Exchange St OWOSSO. . MICE

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF SHIA-In the matter of the estate of Eva V. Warner.

In the matter of the estate of Eva V. Warner, a minor.

Notice is hereby given, That in pursuance and by virtue of an order granted to the under signed, as guardian of the estate of said minor, by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for said County, on the 8th day of February, A. D 1897, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the postoffice in Burton in said County, on Saiturday the 3rd day of April A. D 1897, attendiction of the postoffice of the forencom of said day, all the right, title and interest of said minor in and to the following de-cribed lands and premises, situated in the township of Fairfield, sounty of Shiussessee, State of Michigan to wit: An undivided one fifth interest in the ne frack of a writer by of see. S. except 9 rods in ne corner; also the e 35 of se y of n w fri & see 3, and the west 19 neres of the ne & of said see 3, all in town 8, north range i cast.

town 8, north range i east.

WILLIAM C. STIFF,
Guardian of the estate of said minor,
Dated Feb. 8th. A. D. 1897.

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Bay City Express, leaves 9:00 a. m., arrives at Bay City 11:10 a. m. Sleeper, Chicago to Bay at Bay City III.0 a. m., Biscoper, Octava.
City.
Marquette Express leaves Owosse 7:15 p. m.,
arrives at Bay City 9:20 p. m.
Owosso accommodation leaves Jackson 10:50
a. m., arrives Owosso 1:50 p. m.,
All trains daily except Sunday,
Owosso Accomodation leaves Owosso at 1:45
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W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., Chicago

a white lather as he reined them in and shouted at Teddy

"Hurry! That's a good fellow! I'm paying five darkies to do nothing until I can get back and set them hammering again.

"Oh, ho! Cain't you wait till you hurry's over-long ernough ter hear the news?" Teddy demanded, winking at the rest. Jack laughed easily and shook his head, saying:

"Impossible, Teday! I read all my romances; take them Sunday afternoons or rainy ones. I hate not to help exercise that imagination of yours, but to-day really I'm too busy. Do give me my pails.

"Mayby you don t know ole Top's got er new buggy?" Teddy said, with another wink at his other auditors. Again Jack laughed.

"Yes, I do," he said. "I met him driving home in it and saw that he had on span new clothes as well. So, you see, your news is not news after all. Give me what I want or I shall drive on to the crossroads."

"I'm sorry, ra-ale sorry, Jack, but you'll have ter-we ain't got er kag in the house—the right size, I mean," Teddy said; then as Jack set his horses' heads again toward the road: "Hold on, though. I'm jest bound ter tell you what all them new things meant. Ole Top, he's dead in love with Miss Rob McGregor; went up thar ter see her yistiddy evenin, but she was out somewhars 'bout the place, so he's goin ergin, an soon,"

Teddy did not intend that his speech should reach the ears of a strange customer-a tall, rawbened old woman, who was just then getting down from her herse at the steps. But she heard and said, with her foot still in the stir-



"Cain't you wait long ernough ter hear

"Young man, I've heared tell as you lie mighty easy, but ef Ben Topmark has got any sech notion as that you tell him he better come an find out what old Sister Annis has got ter say ter it."

"Yessum. Cert'nly, I'll tell him," Teddy said, rusning to tie her horse, the while looking significantly at the rest with the eye away from the old woman. Clearly she was crazy, as crazy as ole Phemy, who lived on the fears of the other niggers, who, poor fools, took her for a conjure oman. This was in Teddy's mind. His speech was so civil that without in the least intending it Mrs. Annis had spent \$3 with him before

she rode away. Jack Talbot drove home at a slapping pace. He would have been amazed but that he was so furiously angry. There must be something in Teddy's tale. And why should that old virago prick up her eyes and scowl at the mention of Rob? The Annises he recalled as distinctly disreputable folk. He knew his father and Mr. McGregor had said "Good riddance!" when they went west 15 years before. He recalled, too, that he had heard of them anew within the last month. Somebody at the courthouse had said the old man was dead, and his wife and son had straggled back and rented the Nolan place, a poor, lean farm in the edge of the hill country ten miles away. Why should the old beldame ride all that distance to do her trading? There were at least three stores nearer than Topmark's, and in either of them she might look for better bargains. Clearly her concern was with Topmark.

It could not be with Rob-his Rob, whom he would go and see at once. His Rob, his own true love! Now he faced the knowledge with which for three years at least he had fenced and played. Before that he had told himself she was his little sister. He had even tried to keep up that pleasing figment after he came to find his heart beating like a trip hammer at sudden sight of her. Of course he had known in the depths of consciousness what it meant, but love, marriage, were not for him until he bad straightened all the tangle of home affairs. He had a sort of chivalrous idolatry for his parents, and, though he rejoiced to know that his father understood Rob and loved her as she deserved, he knew, too, what his mother felt. If only she had been barsh in judgment, he might have thought of defiance. It was the gentleness of her disapproval that gave it so much weight with her son.

There was the question of money too. Meager as was the return it brought, Roscoe was unquestionably a valuable estate. A man needed to think well of himself or bave little of manly independence to go courting the heiress of it with empty hands. Jack was proudly independent. He wanted his wife to owe to him comfort and cherishing. But what ought he not to put aside to save his love from the insult of Ben Top-

mark's wooing? "Maybe the land is what he's after, confound him!" Jack said to himself as he strode scross fields to Roscoe after be had set his black hirelings at another task. "Heaven knows the place needs a master badly enough, but not that mas-ter! Rob, any dainty girl, had better be

Rosece fields were truly a pitiful sight. Weeds stood as high as stalks in the seant breadths of corn land, and orab grass made a thick, tufty maze beween. If tobecoo had cleaner tilth, tall

blossoming sackers sapped the rienness of the leaves, and fat green worms in multitude ravened at will. "And not a nigger in sight!" Jack said to himself angrily. "Yet if they don't do some tall wrestling with these fellows," crushing a fat worm as he spoke, "the whole crop won't pay the taxes, much less half of it. Something has got to be done, my little darling. Maybe I'm a presumptuous fool, but I shall ask you to marry me out of hand. "

He had come to this proper and reasonable conclusion just as he came likewise upon Aunt Phemy's cabin. It stood upon a rechy knoll, with seres of tangle about it. A cold spring boiled up at the knell foot and sent a vein of bright water through the fields to the creek, a mile away Aunt Phemy had chosen the site herself. She was Mr. McGregor's foster sister, and, though saving her mother had cost him so dear, showed little of open affection for either himself or his child.

But then conjure women never cared for people, and all her world knew Aunt Phemy for a conjure woman, though only the bravest ever even whispered so much. She lived alone, spending much time in the woods or swamps Social visitors she had none, yet there was not a house high or low roundabout that would not have made her eagerly welcome, for, said popular belief, she was one to be conciliated. If one had a mortal enemy, he need only go in thick darkness and whisper his grudge to a certain hollow stone in her chimney. Then he must put money in the hollow, wait three days and go back. If the money was gone, he might be sure of the wished for vengeance, but if the coin lay untouched he must take it and make off with all speed, never telling anybody how he had been balked, upon pain of having the witch throw her

spells upon him. All this Jack had heard at piecemeal from his frightened black people. For the most part he had laughed at their He was too young and open minded for belief in the black art. Yet now, in spite of himself, he shivered. Through the narrow batten window, which stood wide, he saw the black woman, with a live rat in her hand, bending over a table upon which lay some fresh wheaten dough rudely molded in human shape. As he looked she drew a kuife across the rat's throat and held it so the spurting blood dyed the white effigy beneath, the while half

"Death wus in dis han. Death went wrong. Death hit de good, spa-ared de bad. Pass on, death! Pass! Pass! Don' you try ter stay wid me!

With a long, hard breath, Jack went noiselessly away.

Rob was chattering like a magpie to her father when he came up to them upon the back piazza. She was peeling peaches for the blind man, who ate them with great relish. Her voice was gay, but had a little shake underneath that set Jack's heart more than ever in

a flutter. "Come and settle this dispute of ours. You are just in time," she cried at sight of him. "Would you believe it? This wild parent of mine has been preaching that things have no intrinsic value at all; that it is all relative and depends on how badly you happen to want

"H-m. Why, there are not two sides to that question. He is entirely right," Jack said, with his most judicial air. Mr. McGregor laughed aloud.

"I was proving it by a story"- he

began. "Made to order," Rob interrupted. Do you know, Jack, he was trying to make me believe that we would never have had Roscoe but for-a spotted

"We would not, Miss Impertinence," her father said, still laughing. "I will tell Jack the story. I had thought of it in ten years until I fell talking day before yesterday with Benjamin

Topmark"-"Why, what brought him here?" Jack interrupted. Rob looked away, but said

"The finest new turnout in the county; at least Mam Liza says so. And, only think, I missed sight of it; was way out in the fields."

"He came to see me, " Mr. McGregor said, with dignity, "to say, poor fellow, how sorry he was that he had not been in three years before. Now, in his own sorrowful desolation, he is learn-

"Excuse me, dad, but what has his grief to do with a spotted heifer-and Roscoe?" Rob asked saucily. Her father patted her hand.

"You shall hear in good time," he said. "Jack will parden an old man's rambling. The story is not much, after all. You both have heard me tell about coming out of Virginia, a boy of 17, riding at my father's elbow. He had not bought land before coming out, and as soon as we chanced upon this place he made up his mind that he wanted it. It belonged to a man named Pickins then, one of the poor whites. But, oddly enough, he had a good title, though most of his sort merely squatted where they chose. He wanted to sell and move to one of the prairie states, but his wife was against it. She would, in fact, have brought the trade to naught had she not fallen in love with"-

"The spotted beifer. I see. But how came you to have that valuable animal?" Rob asked, her eyes twinkling. Her father gently pinched her ear as he went

"Why, she was my pet. I had raised her back in Virginia and had refused to sell her with the rest of the cattle. She was broken to the halter, so I led her over the mountains into Tennessee. Mrs. Pickins tried first to buy her through somebody else. She was a sharp old lady, but not too sharp for me. I let it be known to her that my May Blossom was not for sale, but that I was ready to make her a present of the animal the minute she would sign a quitclaim deed to the land. Even then she hung back a day and night, but ended by coming round. And so, Miss Rob, you will one day have Roscoo."

"I think-yes, I must look up that

The Evening News,

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AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN IN MICHIGAN.

The Evening News, Detroit.

quitclaim," Rob sald sauchy. Her ta-

ther's face clouded. "You will not find it," he said. "Twenty years after it was given my father sent it to a lawyer in Illinois, who wanted it to help the old woman's children in some legal matter. He promised faithfully to return it, but never did. That does not matter if it is recorded. It was, I know. But so many books were burned in that fire at the courthouse. Benjamin Topmark spoke of that and said he would find out for me. He was going to search the books

on his own account and would be glad to look for me." "Mr. Topmark is-too kind," Rob said, with the faintest curl of the lip; then, with a quick change of mood: "Jack, do you want to be useful? Then come help me feed my chickens. They are spoiled, almost as badly as this dad of mine. They eat nearly their own weight in meal every day, yet to hear them quawk and complain you would

think they were starving."
"They are deceitful, like their mistress," Jack said as he followed her to the feed coop, a tent shaped affair of rough slats, which was set some 50 yards from the back steps. Rob had a big basin of wet meal. She flung it by generous handfuls within the coop, then leaned upon it, watching her pets at their greedy feeding. One of them, a pretty, tame, ash blue creature, flew upon her outstretched hand and perched there, preening herself and giving out soft little sounds as she pecked daintily at remnants of dough in the basin.

"Poor Bluebird!" Rob said, stroking the soft feathers. "I am afraid, sweetheart, next winter you will be hungry unless I can bring myself to kill you or give you away. Do you know, Jack, I have come to wish, almost, that everything I love may be dead when winter

"Hush!" Jack began imperatively, but she went on recklessly:

"It is the only way out. You see how things are—the crop going to destruction and not a hand raised to stop it. Uncle Ned's wife's brother's mother-in-law is dead. To show respectful sympathy with him every soul here quit work and went to the burying. It was bad enough before. Now I have quite lost heart. Pappy has lacked nothing so far. I had rather die a hundred times than let him know the truth. How could I even hint to him that we must sell part of the land we both love so well? Yet that seems the only way in which I can save him from actual want unless-unless God

were good enough to let us die together." "Ah, there is another way, almost as bad maybe-still a way," Jack said, with unfeeling levity. "You-you can marry me, Rob, the h I am not half

so good a chance as yen deserve." Rob flushed a love lier scarlet, "Take that back. You must!" she cried. "Oh, but I am ashamed of you-myself-everything! I did not think you would misunderstand. I was blue and miserable and began to w! -ves, actually to whine. So you to-to help me in the only way you can't My name ought to be Winfold. I aid not think I could behave so. Do, please, take back everything and forget all I said. If you do not, I shall never be able to look my-

self in the face, not for a whole year." Jack caught her hands, not roughly, but in a firm, masterful grasp. are the one to take back things," he said in her ear. "Rob, it hurts-rather-to-to say what I said and find yourself laughed at for your pains."

The tremulous little fingers ought to have told him how brave a fight she was making for pride and love. But Jack was too full of feeling himself for judicial consideration. His face flamed and his brows drew together when Rob said difficultly:

"Jack, it is not wise, hardly right indeed, for you to-to speak so when you have your mother, all of them! Oh, don't you, won't you, see how impossible it all is?"

Jack let her hands fall and swung upon his heel, saying, with freezing cour-tesy: "Pardon me. I did forget I could offer you nothing beyond a poor man's heart. It was presumption. I take it all back. I see you want a rich husband. No doubt you will get him. Accept my felicitations in advance. You have spo-ken of Miss Winfold. Let me add that, cold blooded as she notoriously is, I think she would scarcely trample upon a fellow's heart as you delight to do.

"Certainly not, if you were the fel-low," Rob said, beginning to laugh. "Oh, Jack, my one friend, you are not going to take yourself away from me with all these heroics? Let's both forget for a year. Then I am sure you will think back and see how much your friend I am showing myself to be.

She held out her hand. He took it between both his own and raised it to his lips, just as a throaty, good humor-

ed voice said behind them: "Looky yere, Miss Rob! You take your co'tin inside de house. I not gwine hab no sech carryin's on out yere ter de chicken coop. But 'fore you goes I want Marso Jack dar ter tell me is he begaged

"Yes. Mam Lisa, engaged hard and

fast. Be sure you tell everybody," Jack said, with an uproarious laugh, cetching Rob in his arms. Before he let her go Mam Liza gasped out:

"Bless an sabe us, dar's de whole

crowd frum de fun'ul! Dis yere gwine be spread all ober de kentry."

ICCNCLUDED NELLY WEEK, I PLOWING CORN LAND.

An lowa Farmer Tells Exactly How This Ought to Be Done

From a paper read at an Iowa Farmers' institute and reported in the Iowa Homestead are gleaved the following statements: While no special rule can be laid down as to plowing, there are cartain requisites that must be complied with to insure the best results. In the first place the farrow as it is turned should be completely inverted, thereby exposing fresh soil to the action of the atmosphere, and at the same time covering from sight all manure, stubble or plant growth, thereby insuring speedy decay within the soil and with decomposition and the retention of the gases generated during the process accomulating a supply of plant food for future

The nature and condition of the soil must determine the depth at which plowing should be done, and as a rule grass land, or rich soil full of plant food, should be plawed somewhat shailow, not exceeding 4 or 5 inches in depth, and each subsequent plowing an inch or more of fresh soil should be brought to the surface. When sand or gravel is but lightly covered with productive soil, deep prowing would be out of the question, but on the great majority of the farms of the corn belt not only deep plowing but at times substilling is productive of the createst benefit.

To plow "around" a field is a pernicious practice and cannot be too strongly condemned. All plowing should be done in lands with a headland left for turning, the headland to be plowed last and thrown out the one year and gathered up the next The dead furrow of this year should be the place of feering (opening the land) when the field is next plowed, and if the work is properly done there will always be a shallow dead furrow and no ridge at the feering. With a straight and almost imperceptible feering each succeeding furrow should be run somewhat deeper the the one that preceded it until the third or fourth round is reached, according to the depth of the plowing, when the fulldepth should be attained. In plowing th furrow should be pressed close to the one preceding, and no balks or skips allowed. The great object to be desired in plowing is for each furrow to be of uniform width and depth, and unless this is the case a smooth, even surface

is impossible. Whether sod, stubble or cornstalk ground, with the plowing properly performed cultivation is but begun, and the more thorough the preparation of the seedbed before planting the greater the assurance of a uniform stand and an even start with the weeds. Two furrows should be turned back into the dead furrows, and with disk, cultivater, harrow, clod crusher or roller, as required, the surface of the soil should be rendered as fine and smooth as possible. With the surface of the soil thoroughly stirred just before planting the newly planted corn has an even chance with the weeds and a rapid growth will be secured.

I wenty

For more than twenty years we have been telling how Scott's Emulsion overcomes the excessive waste of the system. puts on flesh, nourishes and builds up the body, making it the remedy for all wasting diseases of adults and children, but it isn't possible for us to tell the story in a mere stickful of newspaper type.

We have had prepared for us by a physician a little book. telling in easy words how and why Scott's Emulsion benefits, and a postal card request will be enough to have it sent to you free. To-day would be a

good time to send for it. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York,